

# The Advocate

1930



# Christmas

C. W. HARRIS





# The Advocate

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Archives





## Have You the Christmas Spirit?

*Elinor Sturtevant, '31*

**T**O my way of thinking, Christmas Spirit means happiness, jollity, friendliness, and the art of giving.

During the Christmas season these things are easier to practice, but why shouldn't they be carried over into the other months of the year? Does it not mean as much to be friendly in June as in December? Are not kindnesses just as much needed and as much appreciated in the spring as in the winter? Aren't people just as deserving of happiness, which others can give them, at one time as another?

One gets just the same thrill from helping people or making them happy at Easter as at the Christmas season.

Is this your interpretation of Christmas Spirit? If so, see if you can't carry over your spirit of kindness and love into all the other months—and thus we shall be celebrating Christmas the whole year round.

## The New High School

*Archie F. Willgoose '31*

**S**ITUATED on the crest of a hill, commanding a rare view, our new High School enjoys a setting which brings out ideally the architectural lines of this splendid edifice. A fitting monument to learning, it rises above

the town demanding due admiration from those who pass. We, the students of Needham High School, are deeply indebted to the townspeople—are deeply grateful for this institution which combines the utmost in practicality and beauty. Visitors are impressed with its fine laboratories, its numerous and spacious classrooms, its adequate furnishings, and its general advantageousness. A manual training room fitted with the best in modern mechanism, and a gymnasium fully equipped and having sliding doors which make two separate rooms possible, thus allowing both the boys and girls to meet at the same time, are laudable improvements over the facilities of our former school. Moreover, aside from these, we have two entirely new features well worthy of individual mention; namely, an assembly hall and a library.

The large hall with its sloping floor and attractive balcony would indeed be an asset to any school. The blue, black and gold color schemes harmonize effectively, and appeal to one's sense of beauty.

The library is very nearly the size of three classrooms. The mural decorations are done in light blue, and along the side wall are large shelves containing a variety of books. Copies of the foremost periodicals are in the magazine rack for our use.

However, the library and assembly hall are but two of the many luxuries which go to



## The Advocate

make our school one of the most attractive of the state. The beauty of the grounds is in no way inferior to that of the building. The student body may well be proud, not only of the Needham High School building, but of the entire school system and its patient, untiring faculty. Let us then show our gratitude by endeavoring to make this the most successful year in the history of our school.

### Hills

*C. E. B. '32*

**E**VERY day, week in and week out, each student of the Needham High School must climb the hill to reach our new school. about the climb. Some run, but, when they are part way up, their energy has disappeared. Some talk and laugh as they climb and seem not to mind the ascent at all.

Our daily climb to school is in some ways symbolical of other climbs through life which we are all obliged to make, those of college, business, and even life itself. These later ascents are going to be more difficult, for our "High School Hill" is but a foot-hill in comparison to them.

Our daily climb is, in fact, also symbolical of our school life and work.

Some think, "What is the use of climbing anyway? What good is it going to do us?"

To them I say, "Look around a bit. Could any such extensive view be found but from a hill top? Is not the panorama seen from our building too beautiful for an artist's canvas? When there are such beautiful things in life, should we not work and climb for them? Aim for the top. Don't become discouraged and slip back but climb ever upward."

Thus our "High School Hill" challenges us.

### Our New Subject

*Barbara Hervey, '31*

**B**IOLOGY, one of the two new subjects introduced into Needham High School this year, is proving to be extremely interesting to those participating in the work.

There is an excellent laboratory, equipped with useful apparatus for experimentation. In the "lab" we have an aquarium, which we soon hope to see functioning with a well-balanced display of aquatic life. Under the windows is an observation shelf used primarily for study of plant life, and on which can always be found unusual specimens.

Work involving the use of microscopes is now being started. Compound microscopic work will follow in the very near future.

The "lab" will always be open, and we should all make use of our opportunity to visit it and know what is being introduced into our new High School in the subject of Biology.

### The Art Department

*Mary Willett, '33*

**H**AVE you seen the new art room? The equipment is ideal. At the back of the room are a number of cabinets. Some of these are used to hold drawing supplies, others as show cases. The desks have adjustable tops. On the right hand side of the desks are six convenient compartments for drawings and portfolios. The location of the room is excellent for drawing, as it faces north.

The art classes are having good times doing all sorts of things. Some pupils are making antique pictures. These are made by rubbing the background with black and purple show-card colors. Then different parts of the pictures are tinted with water colors. Other pupils are making mottled paper for desk baskets, notebooks, etc. Still other pupils are doing work in leather. Many lovely pocket books, bill folds, pencil cases, and key cases have been made. Some pupils have painted pictures of flowers in still life. We must not forget that we have a cartoonist or two whose work you can see in this issue of the Advocate.



## Les Miserables Modernes

Doris Jones '31

THE Old Man With Grey Hair, discouraged and disheartened, walked with dragging steps. For days he had tried to find work. His money was gone, and for a week he had been sleeping in doorways. His only food had been pickings from hotel garbage cans. Everywhere he was greeted with, "No work at present," or, "You're too old." It seemed that there was only one way out—the river.

A sound from across the way made him lift his gaze from the ground and he saw, on the wall of the building opposite, a sign: "Wanted—Extras for a mob scene. One dollar for one hour's work." Twice, three times, he read the sign before his dulled mind could grasp that here was another chance. One dollar, ten dimes, so many sandwiches, so many cups of coffee, a package of tobacco. In an hour, perhaps, he could stop this gnawing torment inside him.

With a lift of his head and something of the old time spring in his walk, he crossed the street and entered the enclosure. Hope dies hard.

A heavy wind drove sleet and snow along the city street. The Pedlar of Pencils used the stump of his right arm to hold his hat on more securely, while he pulled the collar of his thread-bare coat more tightly around his neck with his other hand.

The lights of the theatre were reflected in the wet side walks as the Movie Usher came out to hang up a sign: "All Seats Sold." As he was about to reenter the door, there came a voice at his elbow, "Oh, Son, lend me a hand, will you? I can't get this fag lighted."

"Sure thing, step around the corner, out of the wind."

"Thanks, that's fine. Good show tonight?"

"I'll say so! Sold out for the third time. Something about it that gets you. Shows how the "Frenchies" used to bump off guys they got tired of seeing around. They put 'em in carts

(tumbles or something they called 'em) and took 'em into the square, with the crowd razzin' 'em all the way. They made 'em put their head under a big knife, and when they let it down, bingo! the guy's head drops into a basket. Half a dozen old dames sit watching, and never even drop a stitch in their knitting. Leave it to the Frenchies!"

"Too bad they didn't have baskets enough for the whole German army before we got mixed up in the row."

"Oh, that's where you lost your-?"

"Yet, that's where I lost it. Believe me, son, I saw all I wanted to of France."

"Gee, that's tough. My uncle was in—"

"Hey, come on in here, you! Whaddaya' think we pay you your salary for?" blustered the Head Usher. Then, catching sight of the shabby figure of the ex-soldier, "Get going, there! We don't allow your kind in the entrance."

Hardened to such treatment, the Pedlar of Pencils, with a scornful half smile on his lips, turned away from the shelter of the doorway into the fury of the storm. But his steps did not falter, for had not his afternoon sales brought him thirty-five cents? The price of a bed tonight and doughnuts and coffee in the morning. Fortunately, hope dies hard.

The theatre doors were fastened back. The sleepy taxi drivers started their engines as the crowd poured out onto the sidewalk.

The young fellow and the girl, huddled in their fur coats, had decided to take a subway at the next corner. They walked along in silence, lost in their own thoughts. Suddenly the girl said, "What a horrible picture!"

"Yes, but what *acting*! Did you see the old guy with the grey hair in the scene where the starving mob is fighting for the bread thrown to them from a window. You could have almost sworn that he hadn't eaten for a week."

"It was too terribly real!—The comedy was good though, wasn't it?"



## On Crowds at Football Games

Kenneth Webb '32

I like crowds, especially the crowds who attend our great football games during the fall. There is something about them which is hard to define. There is a sense of good fellowship, different from the attitude of the crowds which stand in the lobbies of theatres or those, in the rush hour, who try to get into a subway car already holding twenty more than it was designed for. These crowds are grouchy, resentful that they have to wait or that they can't be among the first in line.

The crowds I like are those which are heading for the stadiums or are already in their seats. They may push and scramble to get on a car, but they do it with grins on their faces and are always making funny remarks about the crowd, the day, and so forth.

Mingling with those who will attend the game are the ticker "specs" or "scalpers" who sell seats to the game at about two to four times their worth. These gentry must keep a constant watch for the police, because if they are caught they will be arrested, as their profession is forbidden by law.

Then there are the venders of pennants, feathers and score cards, with their raucous cries of: "Getumere! Get the winning colors.

Score cards! Score cards! Only official score card! Names and numbers of each and every player."

At every game is the "wiseguy" with the stentorian voice, who "razzes" the officials and often the players. Sometimes there are two of these fellows near enough to shout back and forth to each other. Then a battle of wits ensues.

There are many girls with their boy friends. Some of these girls know something about the game, whereas others ask the most ridiculous questions.

Nearly always there is some drunk to occasion laughter, and to cause the old lady behind me to cluck her tongue and become very much disgusted.

Once in a while one sits near the parents of one of the players. The mother worries for fear the boy will be hurt. The father remarks in proud tones to all his neighbors that so-and-so is his son. He points out all the boy's good plays, and laughs at or reassures his wife's fears.

All these things go to make up for me the fascination of a football crowd.

## Apelles

Katharine Lewis '31

IT WAS cool on the hilltop. Apelles shivered slightly, and drew his rags more closely about his shoulders; for it became chilly at that time of year, even in the warm hills of Greece. The shepherd boy was sitting on a grassy ledge gazing earnestly out over the distant sea. His strong bronzed face was serious; he was thinking deeply. Rumors had reached his lonely home in the hills, that the Romans were marching toward Greece, but they were vague rumors, quite vague, Apelles assured himself, still; they were dis-

turbing. The youth shook himself sharply, dismissing them all from his mind. It was queer, he thought, how that gossip had taken hold of him. He stood up, stretching his long arms skyward, it was time to leave.

As he picked his way nimbly down the rocky slope to his home in the valley below, Apelles was occupied with much happier thoughts than those of the coming of the Romans. They were thoughts of the future toward which he was looking with such delight. Since he had been a small boy,



## The Advocate

he could remember his father's telling him that some day, when his son had grown to manhood, he would take him to Athens, that far off wonder city of learning, and Apelles would become a great scholar. And now the youth making his way homeward with the flock of sheep, felt that the day for his journey to Athens was near at hand.

He lay on his meager bed that night, and smiled in the dark. Only a smile, when he wanted to sing, and to shout his gladness to the echoing hills. For his dream was coming true. In six days he would be walking in those streets where his fancy's feet had so often carried him. He was happy, gloriously happy!

A fiery sun was setting in a blaze of glory,

and the face of Apelles shone with an answering glow. It was his last journey to the hilltop, and the last time that he would watch the wonder of the sun sinking into the deep blue of the ocean, from his seat on the grassy ledge. He left the hill quickly, while the golden light still hovered over it.

There came a night when the heavy clouds hung low around the rocks, and the wisps of haze pressed silently about the hunched figure of the shepherd boy. He sat on his beloved ledge, but received no consolation from the familiar spot. His dreams were shattered and lost, Apelles could not think of them now as realities. They had gone with his father to be broken by the Roman Legions. Only the little farm in the hills was his.

## A Glittering Angel—Limited

*Curtis Clark '31*

**M**EHETIBLE Magdalene Crosby-Jones. Thus was she blessed by well meaning parents. Indeed, the newly-hired nurse remarked that this aristocratic name was a real mouthful even for her educated tongue, and was likely to be quite a heavy load for this innocent little child—this lovable morsel of humanity—in the future. But, unbeknownst to nurse, this little mouthful was doomed to become larger and more bitter with age—to develop into a veritable antidote to happiness (worse than the corn on Nurse's toe). Indeed, to live a life with our heroine necessitated a constitution of cast iron and a temper of aluminum; in fact, this high volted charge remarked in later life that Nurse did have lines like an ocean liner. And, as ocean liners go, Nurse had to go to dry-dock frequently for painting and other rejuvenating processes to repair damages incurred with stormy passages with our darling.

But as the years went on, Nurse hung on, profiting by experience; and finally she man-

aged to gain slight control over her charge. But, like an unsteady airplane, slight control often brings disastrous nose-dives; and Nurse dived frequently.

On one beautiful slushy morn in spring-time, up came the sun to fulfill Heaven's predictions of a perfect day. But the nearest approach to the opposite of Heaven on earth for Nurse—Maggy—willed otherwise, and so it was otherwise for Nurse anyway. Accumulations of dirt—food—slush—and other companions of Melancholy were carefully spread over the house from top to bottom. These compounds plus abominable behavior were too much for Nurse's good nature to overcome, and so the sun, according to the prediction of Maggy, disappeared from her sky as if it had hit the wrong world. Her aluminum temper was frayed until it looked more like screening. But our Maggy was not at all alarmed by the approaching clouds of punishment, as she had often weathered them before. But she decided—with great logic—to hold



## The Advocate

her coup until bedtime neared, as, she reasoned, she would have to go to bed some time that night, and she might as well go with a reason if matters came to that. So quiet prevailed the remainder of the after-noon.

As the clock approached seven, Maggy, unable to find a willing audience for one of her interesting little selections, approached her paid audience with a well modified "Nurse."

Getting no answer, she proceeded with more volume.

"Nurse!"

A loud silence.

"NURSE!" No answer. "Ah me," she sighed, "power gets one nowhere," and she brought up with a short sharp "Nurse", which commanded attention immediately.

A short "yes" from Nurse.

"Did you ever know a girl named Mary?"

"Yes."

"Well, Mary had a steamboat—the steamboat had a bell. Mary went to Heaven but the steamboat went to ——".

And now comes the explanation of the

"limited" in the title. Maggy reached HER limit. Nurse turned toward her with a look of martyred determination.

"TOOT" finished Maggy with an explosive outburst, trying to convince Nurse that that was the intended word, but Nurse was not to be convinced, and it was a pitiful and sobbing little Maggy who slipped in between the cool sheets of her bed. Soon, she quieted, but not with sleep. Wide awake, she lay thinking—thinking—and soon her face broke into a tearful smile. She then fell asleep; treasuring thoughts of revenge on the morrow.

On the deepening horizon, the sun grew red with laughter over the actions of the little Earth Girl; as he slowly rolled his way into night-time. Meeting the moon on her way up into the sky, he stopped a moment to tell her the events of the day. Then, bidding each other adieu, they continued on their respective ways. All night long, the moon smiled on Maggy's peaceful little face. Who knows—perhaps the departing sun had told her about—Maggy!

\* \* \*

### A CHRISTMAS DREAM

Joan Wilkinson, '32

Alone, forlorn, forsaken, dreaming of the  
past,  
Dark within, but snug,  
The old house stood  
Nestled in the softest of lacey snow.  
Dreaming on, it mused and thought  
Oj a Christmas Eve when it glowed with the  
warmth  
Oj life;  
At the love of a man for a laughing wife,  
For a child with a merry heart;  
The life of a spirit alive in a tree  
And of a faith in one tiny sock.  
Alone, forlorn, forsaken now  
With the treasure of a golden memory,  
And a blanket of fleeciast snow  
To wrap still warmer its reverie.

### TO MY DOG

Katharine Lewis '31

I know of none, no nothing, more sincere  
Than you, my little rough and tumble friend.  
You seem to look into my soul, and then  
To read my very thoughts; at times you appear  
A sprite of mischief, play; your eyes glow clear,  
Your body quivers, and your stub tail sends  
Your catching joyousness to all your friends.  
I never could feel lonely when you're near.  
Oh, little dog, your very mood is tuned  
And plays in perfect harmony with mine  
In happiness or sadness not assumed,  
Showing your sympathy with outward signs.  
You are to me, not just a dog, but more—  
A true and loving friend that I adore.



## In a Subway Car

Muriel Thacker, '32

TO begin with, it is raining, and, to end with, you are tired. Every Christmas season you realize that the mobs are worse than they were the year before. You're ready to go home now although you haven't bought Matilda Jane's present. But you needn't worry about that, for she will probably forget to give you one this year. Last year she gave you a "God bless our home," forgetting she had given you one the year before, and that your mother had given you one when you were married. Still it's always nice to have plenty of nice sentiments hanging around, especially when the children start quarreling.

As you reach the subway, you decide you'll count your packages—not that you'd ever find any you had lost, but it would give you a sort of satisfied feeling. There are Jack's, baby's, Betty's, Dad's, Dot's, Harry's,—yes, they are all there. You hope there will be no trouble in making Dad wear the bright green necktie, but time will tell.

The crowd is upon you again. You find yourself pushed along at a great rate. Ah! The subway car! Now for the grand rush to get a seat. If only you could worm your way thru the crowd the way seven-year-old Betty does—but you can't. There's a seat over there! You make a wild dash and heave a sigh of relief as you sit on a very small space, making the large, portly gentleman beside you, look at you disapprovingly, as you give his elbow a little knock. The car starts off, and the sudden lurch sends your parcels onto the floor. At last you get them all picked up and settle yourself again.

You glance around at your fellow-passengers, and see opposite you a gum-chewing flapper whose brother perhaps attends Harvard, for her lips certainly portray the Harvard crimson. On one side of you sits

the gentleman whose elbow you jilted and on the other side sits a sophisticated-looking young lady who, according to the label on her suitcase, is coming home from college, probably for Christmas vacation. Standing near you is a pale-faced boy nearly hidden by wide-rimmed glasses. You immediately decide that he is a student and your decision is strengthened when the boy pulls out a book—the vest pocket type—and starts muttering words that you believe to be French, though they may be Greek or Spanish. Next to the flapper, who is unconsciously snapping her gum, sits a young mother evidently undergoing the trials of bringing up a five-year-old daughter. The little girl has a clear voice and the habit of saying embarrassing things. Having asked her mother if they have to have ham again for supper, and why she and Daddy don't ever go to church, she begins to tease for a penny to put in the slot machine at the end of the car. At the far end of the car can be heard the crying of a small baby and the voice of a mother trying to pacify it.

Suddenly you sit up with a start! The conductor is calling your station. As you walk home, you decide that the subway car certainly has a greater variety of people than most places can boast. You wonder how many of the people you were scrutinizing, in return were studying you. A subway car is a most interesting place.

\* \* \*

### EVENING

*Laurent Dubois '31*

*Slow, fleecy clouds drift by,  
Dreamily; late birds homeward fly,  
While at the great earth's rim,  
Slowly, day's light begins to dim,  
The pale beauty of the evening sky  
Heralds the approach of night, now nigh.*



# The Advocate

## The Decision

Dorothy Crierie, '32

IT seemed good to Harvey Jones to be riding along in the sunshine once more. He, a convict, again breathing good fresh air under God's azure blue sky. He was a convict even though he didn't look like one—tall, broad-shouldered, with a thick mop of light curly hair, and dark deep-set blue eyes, which sometimes were cold and hard, at other times, kindled with kindness and merriment. Right now they were cold and calculating. If he could only reach Uncle Joe's tonight.

Three years ago Harvey had been sentenced to five years in jail. He had been caught branding a large number of cattle which had strayed onto his premises. It was true that he had an idea to whom the cattle belonged, probably to Martin, a close neighbor of his. Harvey knew, however, that Martin many times had taken his stock at night and branded it with his mark. Harvey had reached the end of his patience. It had been a silent, stubborn rivalry between Martin and him for years. Odd, too, that the night the sheriff caught him, Martin should "happen in" soon after him. (It was generally known that Martin and the sheriff were on good terms.)

Just before this, Harvey's wife had died, the best friend he had, and left him with his little son. He had given little Harvey to Uncle Joe to bring up. And here he was riding along trying to escape the posse that was out after him just to get one look at his little son. He was sorry he had to break his confidence with the warden to get away but then, maybe after, he would go back—but first he must see his boy.

He reached Uncle Joe's a little before dark, put his horse quietly in the stable and went into the house. He went directly to the den where the old man sat, smoking his pipe and playing what seemed to be a very absorbing game of solitaire.

"Hello, Uncle Joe," grinned Harvey.

"By geromino," ejaculated the old man, "how did you get here?"

Then Harvey proceeded to tell him of his hurried ride ahead of the posse and that the only thing he regretted was having to break his word with the warden. But that was the only way he could escape.

"Humph", said Uncle Joe, "that's enough for now until you get some food behind that belt of yours. Ain't had nothin' to eat, have you? I haven't et since noon myself so I'll set down with ya!"

"Supposin' I see my boy first", suggested Harvey.

"Well, bless my soul," exclaimed the old man, "you would be kinda' interested, wouldn't you, to see him?"

They went upstairs and when Uncle Joe placed little Harvey in his father's arms, the tears ran down the big man's face.

"Shaw," said Uncle Joe and went out of the room blowing his nose so that it sounded like the echo of a revolver shot, and closed the door behind him.

In a short time Harvey came downstairs.

"Just a bite and then I'll have to be travelin' fast," said Harvey. "I want to make the border tonight. Maybe I can ride with some outfit there."

After a good supper of bacon, eggs, and steaming coffee, Harvey bade his host a gruff but fond farewell.

"You take a fresh horse of mine, Harvey," commanded Uncle Joe. "Stick to the main trail as the paths are all muddy from the rain the other day."

Harvey selected the fastest looking horse in the stable and rode out into the yard and down the road. As he rounded the bend in the trail, he looked back and saw Uncle Joe standing just where he had left him, smoking a pipe and waving his hand.

"If I can make the line tonight", thought

## The Advocate

Harvey. He laid the reins on the horse's neck, and away they flew like a streak of lightning. Harvey heard the braying of dogs far behind him. Well, they would lose his scent at Uncle Joe's because he had a fresh horse. Good old man. Always when he thought of him a lump rose in his throat. Uncle Joe was rich without money.

Harvey rode steadily and hard for two hours. He and his horse were getting tired from the fierce race. Suddenly Harvey noticed that the horse kept raising its gallant head into the air and sniffing. The horse began taking shorter steps and bringing his feet higher into the air. Immediately there came to Harvey's nostrils the smell of smoke. Harvey was not excited, not even apprehensive, for he came of a race of pioneers, people to whom hardship and danger were the very breath of life. Harvey looked ahead of him.

Two miles to the north a terrifying spectacle presented itself, a wall of flame a mile deep which formed a semi-circle around him.

"Oh God, what will I do?" The words fell from his dry lips like an agonized prayer.

All of a sudden Harvey observed a small car tearing down the road from San Tantrum with a person in it. Evidently they were trying to beat the fire, but Harvey held his breath as he watched the small car slowly turn, balance on the edge of a ledge, and then topple over down the grade, the wheels lying upward some twenty feet below.

Harvey, forgetful of the danger to himself, urged his spent horse and went over to the battered machine.

Then he saw that the driver was a woman. As he approached her, he noticed that she was lodged under the car. She spoke, slowly, and with effort.

"No hope, friend. But my baby—I threw him down the hill when the car crashed. Don't try to save me—save the baby." Her voice trailed off and Harvey thanked God that he would not have to perform an act that would save her from the agony of being burnt by the flames.

He mounted his horse and rode over to where the dirty bundle had rolled. It whimpered as he came near it. Two great questions lay before him. He could go on the way he intended—to freedom—but the baby would die. Or he could turn around and go back to Uncle Joe's and prison—then the baby would live. It did not take long for this man of the open spaces to decide. He caught the dirty bundle to him and turned his faithful horse around to go back to Uncle Joe's.

"Oh, God, help us," his dry, parched lips muttered. Then followed a terrifying ride for life or death.

Three hours later a scorched man and horse, the man carrying a dirty black bundle in the hollow of his arm, came into Uncle Joe's yard. The man fell off the horse and, walking toward Uncle Joe, stumbled and fell.

"Saints be praised, if it ain't Harvey", exclaimed Uncle Joe.

He hurried into the house and came out with a bucket of water which he poured over Harvey's swollen lips and then gave the remains to the horse.

Throwing the bucket aside, he knelt over Harvey, who was half way to consciousness. Slowly Harvey lifted his arm and pointed over to the bundle on the lawn.

"Take it," he murmured, and his head dropped back again.

Uncle Joe quickly went over to where Harvey pointed and picked up the bundle. Peeking inside the covers, he saw the tiny face of a baby.

"Heaven forbid," he gasped, "a baby." He took the child in the house and laid him down on the bed; then went out to get Harvey.

Within half an hour Harvey and the baby were comfortable, lying in an old fourposter with plenty of salve on their feverish burns. Harvey's young son was sitting beside the bed watching the baby.

"How do you like him, son?" asked Harvey.

"He's great", replied the child. "Can we keep him?"



## The Advocate

"I guess we'll have to".

"What do you mean, 'have to'," eagerly questioned the old gentleman?

"The mother died."

Harvey explained everything to him then.

"It's a darn shame," said the old man in his blunt manner. "There's the bell. Wonder who in tarnation's time that can be?" Getting up, he went to the door.

"Anyone here by the name of Harvey Jones?" asked a gruff voice.

"Sure, and what of it?"

"Well, we have been looking for him. He's to come with me."

"He ain't neither. Not if I can stop it."

The man pushed his way into the house amid the protests of Uncle Joe.

"Hello, Jones. Didn't expect to see me, did you?"

Harvey said nothing but kept his eyes on his son, who was standing beside him.

"You can't take my daddy," said the little boy.

"Sorry, sonny, I don't want to take your daddy, but business is business and I do my duty."

"Here, you sit down a minute, I want to

talk to you", said Uncle Joe.

"I'm not waiting any minutes", answered the sheriff.

He started to uncover Harvey when he suddenly stopped. "What's this baby doing here?" he asked.

"Well", said Uncle Joe, "if you will sit down long enough, I'll tell you."

The man sat down and the old man told him the story from beginning to end, and of what he considered to be Harvey's unfair imprisonment. When he had finished, the sheriff got up and went over to the bed and laid his hand on the sick man's shoulder.

"So long, Jones, guess I'll be going. If there were more men like you in this world, it would be a better place." He said goodbye to Uncle Joe and walked out.

Harvey's face was filled with joy as he gazed on the three faces before him. He still had a chance to make his life and pick up the broken fragments. It would be a hard fight, but it would be worth it. From now on he would live for his little boy and this other child whom he had saved.

"If that ain't just like a goll dern officer of the law," exclaimed Uncle Joe.

## The Country Hick

*Helen Russell, '31*

" - **A**ND there isn't anything in Lunston to see, but cows and pigs and chickens and—oh-h!" her voice broke in a wail.

"Sh-h, not so loud." Leah Fuller glanced around at the nearby tables, to see if anyone had heard, but she saw only one person and he was hunched over a newspaper. She turned back to her friend and said, "Why go then?"

"Mother says I ought to, 'cause Aunt Margaret, Mrs. Heath, you know, would feel terribly hurt if I refused the invitation to visit her for a week. In her letter, she said something about a "nice young man" board-

ing with them, who helped with the work; but you can imagine how entertaining one of those country hicks would be, can't you? Dressed in greasy overalls, with dirty fingernails, one who says, 'aint' and 'I calculate.' Good night!"

The girls were so engrossed in their conversation, that neither noticed a young man with a very red face, hurriedly put down his paper and walk rapidly toward the door, leaving his food on the table, half-eaten.

A few moments later, the two girls emerged from the restaurant, Marilyn admitting that it wouldn't be so bad if she had brought along a few books to read.

## The Advocate

Alighting from the train at Lunston the next day, she was greeted by—horrors, he looked exactly as she had pictured him—a tousled, untidy chap who drawled, “I reckon you’re Miss Ranslow, aint cha?” and at her nod of assent, handed her a note. Reading it, Marilyn learned that her aunt and uncle had gone to the city unexpectedly, and were very sorry not to meet her, but would be back before night.

Marilyn looked up at the man standing a few paces away, twisting his cap around in his hands, and said, “By the way, I don’t believe I know what your name is.”

“Trenton, James Trenton,” he drawled. Marilyn thought, as they walked over to where “Leaping Lena” stood, that the name seemed too dignified for him.

As they rattled over the country road in the old flivver, she constantly cast sidelong glances at the man at her side. “Kind of nice eyes,” she mused. “And if his face wasn’t quite so dirty, I’d almost call him good-looking.” Her glance wandered down to his grimy hands on the wheel and upon seeing his nails filled with dirt, she edged a little nearer the door.

Trenton, noticing the action said, “I reckon this aint the kind of a bus you’re used to, is it?” and receiving a shrug for a answer, said slowly, “I calculate it’s gonna rain before night.”

His calculation was right, for when Marilyn’s uncle and aunt arrived, it was pouring. Aunt Margaret greeted her warmly

and Uncle Joe said heartily, “I’m mighty glad to see you,” and then in a lower tone, “can you imagine a rich man’s son wanting to spend his vacation here, and insisting upon doing some of the work, too? Just like a son to us. How do *you* like him, huh?” giving her a little nudge.

As Marilyn gazed at him wide-eyed; her aunt said, “Now, Joe, stop kidding her. You know she doesn’t like it.”

That evening, on the porch, James Trenton, minus the overalls, the dirty fingernails, and plus a clean face and tailored clothes, seemed much nicer to the still puzzled Marilyn. Why had he dressed and talked that way? Why didn’t he—?

“You know, I want to tell you a story,” Trenton said, with a hint of laughter in his voice. “It’s about a young man who, after transacting a hard business deal, stopped in a restaurant to eat. Well, in this restaurant, he heard many things about himself, that he did not know before, and so, when he returned and met the person who said these things, he thought he’d have a little fun at her expense—oh, I say! Forgive me! I didn’t know—I didn’t mean to—! You’re not going to cry, are you?”

Marilyn was laughing, not crying, as she said, “Don’t you know the way that song goes? ‘Let bygones just be bygones, we all make mistakes now and then.’ And any way, I think you and I are about even, don’t you?”

## The Shore

Barbara Hervey '31

*Give ear to the roar,  
On the rock-bound shore,  
Of the blue waves, leaping high;  
As they foam and dash  
With a potent crash,  
Where the mass of sea-weeds lie.*

*When the full moon pale,  
Through a cloudy veil,  
O'er the water scatters her light;  
And the twinkling star  
Gleameth afar,  
Throughout the darkening night.*



# The Advocate

## Movie Pests

Ernestine Ross '32

EVERYONE has a way to rest himself after a trying day. Some people merely sit in an easy chair before the fire; some go to bed; some play a musical instrument, read, or devote the evening to miniature golf. Others, like myself, prefer to spend the evening at the movies. There are disadvantages in any of the diversions. If we wish to sit in an easy chair before the fire, we must make a trip to the dark, damp cellar for the wherewithal to build the fire, only to find that our favorite chair has been taken to the upholsterer's shop. And so it is—if we would go to the movies,—but wait!

I have had a hard day at the office; in fact, nothing has gone well. The train is crowded, and although I get a seat, I must, according to etiquette, give it up to the lady who has just entered. As a result, I stand for the remainder of the ride. When I arrive at home, a hot dinner awaits me. This serves to soothe my ruffled spirits and on hearing that the wife has made plans to attend a sewing circle meeting, I decide that I will spend my evening at the theatre. Accordingly, I order my ticket and set out in high spirits. I arrive a bit early and am ushered to a seat in the balcony. I remove my coat and seat myself just as the lights become dim. Ah! "The Paramount Sound News Special." This ought to prove interesting. "Ambassador Morrow delighted at arrival of Grandson." Probably they will show a picture of Baby Lindy in his bassinet trimmed with blue ribbons. At this point, a large fur coat is ushered down the aisle to the seat in front of me. Anxious about Baby Lindy, I bear malice towards this huge creature who is thus obstructing my view. Huge? After the coat is removed, I find a tiny girl, doubtless a flapper, seated in front of me. Now to return to Baby Lindy. Isn't he ugly? Oh, pardon me. We are now seeing the largest six months' old baby that Austria has ever known. Not interested in the statistics of Austria, I close my eyes to rest until the title

of the main picture is thrown on the screen. Sure enough! Nancy Carroll in "Follow Thru". The seats around me are well-filled now. The seat behind me is exceptionally well-filled, for a lady about the size of our washwoman is in it. A bag of peanuts is perched perilously on one knee while she claps for Nancy. On one side of me, I find a man who has eaten garlic for his dinner, and on the other side are two small boys who are well-versed in the art of snapping gum, an antipathy which, I confess, I have often tried to conquer, but which still annoys me exceedingly. The picture progresses without interruption, with the exceptions of the man who doesn't know he should smoke "Old Golds," and a lady beside our friend of the peanuts who is explaining to the latter just why her husband cannot wear derbies. Ah! The hero starts to sing the theme song, and gets along very well with the aid of the flapper in front of me. The comedian, with hair blown about, enters. This calls for a horse laugh, flavored with memories of a pipe that was old enough to vote, from someone in my vicinity. The heroine then starts to say something very potent to the young lover, when my neighbor finds another peanut in her bag, fishes for it, fumbles, recovers, shells and eats it. The young boys on my right are tired of their gum and one of them is delighted to obtain more, whereupon, the merits of the various kinds of gum are mentioned. "Juicy Fruit" is decided upon. Now for the money. Oh! He dropped it. What a shame! Would I mind getting up? No,—in fact, I think I'll go home to recover from my rest.

Now, I ask you, is this any reward for a tired man who pays his bills and taxes regularly? It is not, and, in conclusion, let us refrain from eating garlic, failing to get "Old Golds," coming in late, chewing gum noisily, eating peanuts, learning theme songs, and marrying men who cannot wear derbies,—for the good of all.

# The Advocate

## A Tragic Experience

(An Excerpt from my Autobiography.)

*Archie Willgoose, '31*

**B**ACK in December nineteen hundred and twenty three, Christmas was approaching in Needham as it was throughout the rest of the world. Glistening white snow, and to me snow and Christmas are almost synonymous, an occasional holly wreath in a newly-washed window, and numbers of Christmas trees neatly bound together outside store windows, all heralded the coming of our most joyous holiday. The very air seemed charged with that entirely singular atmosphere so characteristic of Christmas week. The whole world seemed happy, and even the thought of two more days of school failed to depress me. As a matter of fact, I felt quite elated as I entered the classroom of the fourth grade that morning. So much at peace with the world, I was even willing to overlook the despotic autocracy of the teacher, and to banish that prejudice, which students of that age sometimes feel toward their teacher, enough to admit that after all she wasn't a bad sort. The entire school was agog over the Christmas program arranged for the next day, in which each room was to participate. I, however, was a trifle disappointed inasmuch as I had not been assigned a part in the program; but a little later on in the day the teacher announced that "the behavior of Herbert," who had previously been chosen to recite a poem, "has not been all that it might have been, and he will be unable to do it. Who will volunteer to take his part?" My hand went up as did that of another boy. She chose me, much to my sorrow later on. However, at that time, I was in the seventh heaven of delight. I spent hours that evening studying the poem, and as I recall it now, it was about wanting a dog for Christmas. The momentous day finally arrived. With face and ears fairly shining, my Sunday suit spotless, my gaudiest necktie tied in its most conspicuous manner, and my hair

slicked down with the help of my brother's choice hair tonic, I made my way to school that morning walking on pink clouds. When at last the bell rang for us to go to the Assembly Hall, I was slightly nervous. As the hall gradually filled, I recited the poem over and over to myself in feverish haste. I knew it. There was no doubt about that. I had repeated it to myself at least a thousand times since it was assigned to me on the preceeding day.

Eventually the program opened with the usual patriotic number. Then followed numerous notices to which no one paid the slightest attention. These completed, the real events of the day commenced. Of course we sang "Silent Night, Holy Night", and then came the annual recitation of "T'was the Night Before Christmas." At last my turn came. I proudly marched up on the stage, and in the most impressive tone I could command recited the first line of my poem. Then a most disastrous thing happened. I could go no further. I didn't know why; I don't know yet, but I stopped abruptly, not surprising anyone more than myself. I soon recovered my composure, thinking that when the teacher prompted me, I would at once remember the rest of the poem. However, I was doomed to disappointment, for my memory remained a blank. My head swam. Eight hundred eyes glared at me, until I felt they would pierce my very soul. Four hundred mouths smiled maliciously at my sad plight. To my reeling brain it seemed that those sneering mouths and unsympathetic eyes doubled and tripled until thousands and thousands of them went spinning around me, and it seemed that I would be literally swamped with them. Somehow I went through with it repeating each line after the teacher who was prompting back stage, then, to make matters worse, when I had finished, they applauded. Sheer mockery!



To me it could be nothing else; to them, I suppose, it was the only polite thing to do. I remember nothing more of that tragic day,

but so impressive was that incident that I have never since ventured to speak before an audience larger than that of a classroom.

\* \* \*

## Exaggeration

W. Simpson '32

FROM the practice of exaggeration and boastfulness, which often go hand in hand, we get the fish story, the golf score, and other enlarged or mythological tales.

The man who nearly caught the fish, "Oh, easily this long," is probably the most commonly known of these. This sportsman's conception of his catch, or near catch, increases proportionately with his pride in it.

The nineteenth hole in golf is the clubhouse where the "golfmaniacs" exchange descriptions of wonderful shots and marvelous scores. If they were not hardened to such exaggeration, their caddies would blush at the "duffer's" description of a shot.

This subject of exaggeration was brought to my mind by a friend with whom I had occasion to work during a very hot period. Between us we consumed large quantities of water. After refreshing ourselves on one particularly arid August day, he said, "How many glasses of water can you drink?"

As I was not in the habit of drinking beyond my immediate needs, I replied, "I don't know; how many can you drink?"

The reply was astounding. I gathered from the magnitude of his liquid capacity that he was a kind of human camel, (the last word reminds me of the exaggeration in advertisements.) The heat was too great for us to argue, but I told him that he was all wet. He never proved his point, so his exaggeration was a serious attempt to impress me with the fact that he was more of a man than I.

Certain radio sports-announcers enlarge upon the excitement and importance of in-

cidents during the game by shouting, getting out of breath, and mixing up their descriptions generally. A certain famous announcer, during a world series game, made as much fuss over an easy put-out at first base as he did over a home run. Some people enjoy this and get a great thrill every time the demon of the air raises his voice. This exaggeration is not always appreciated by sports-fans who like a true description of the game.

On the other hand, exaggeration often is very humorous. Cartoonists exaggerate the features of their subjects or creations in a manner which makes them instantly recognizable and funny. One artist magnifies the eccentricities of our manners and customs thus: The hero of the comic strip is an inmate of an institution vulgarly referred to as the bug house. At certain intervals he escapes. After observing the actions of some of the sane individuals in their daily life, he makes his way back to the "nut factory" at top speed.

I almost forgot to mention the story of the child who told mama that there were ten-thousand cats in the back yard. Stop me if you've heard this one. Oh! you have.

Exaggeration results from an imaginative mind. Like every other thing it has its good and bad points. If people can obtain amusement by it, as the fisherman does, other people get amusement by laughing at them. It is part of the foundation of humor; the world would not be the same without it. To laugh is to be happy. Perhaps I have exaggerated upon exaggeration, who knows?

## Ten Minutes Slow

Mitchell Boyd, '32

DANIEL Larkin, assistant engineer at the Canton Water Pumping Station, yawned and stretched several times. He reached under his pillow and drew out his watch. It was still dark, but the face of the radium dial showed plainly that it was 4.30 A. M. He gave a sigh of relief, because it was not necessary to arise until 5.25. The engine did not start pumping until 6 o'clock, but he had to report twelve minutes before that, in order to oil up.

He was about to go back to sleep, when he heard the early morning freight go rumbling past. He was wide awake in an instant, for the freight always went by at approximately 5.30. Once more he looked at his watch. It still registered 4.30. On putting it to his ear, he made the discovery that it had stopped. Dan wound it and set it at 5.35, because he guessed that five minutes had elapsed since the freight had gone by. He made a mental note to compare it with the clock on the Town Hall.

He dressed quickly. He did not have time for breakfast, but he took two doughnuts from the jar in the pantry and ate them as he walked briskly along. He was a perfect picture of health. He was six feet two inches tall, had broad shoulders, and a handsome intelligent face that spoke of honesty and determination. He had planned to go to Tech, but on the death of his father, his mother had sadly told him that he would have to earn the money for his education. So he had taken the position in the pumping station.

To save time, Dan took a short cut through a field, with the result that he forgot to verify the time of his watch.

On arriving at the station, he pulled out his watch and found that he had thirteen minutes before the engine started. He don-

ned his overalls, took the oil can in his hand and climbed down into the heart of the engine. Standing on two rods, he began to oil various parts.

Suddenly he became paralyzed with fright. The engine was starting to go! Then, too late, he remembered that he had not been sure of the correct time. His watch must have been ten minutes slow, because the chief engineer always started the engine promptly at 6 o'clock.

The minute the wheels had begun to move, Dan realized his plight. He could not climb out, because everywhere about him the machinery was moving. In about a minute the ever quickening rods would throw him off, to be immediately crushed by the machinery.

He began to shout, but the sound of the machinery drowned his voice.

Suddenly he had an idea. Why not grasp the huge fly wheel and let it drag him out of that inferno? Surely the law of centrifugal force would hurl him across the room to safety.

Dan saw that it was his only chance. Already he was finding it hard to maintain his balance on the moving rods. He decided to try it.

He made a lunge at the wheel. The force of that monstrous wheel almost pulled his arms out of their sockets. But he gamely held on. Up and up he flew and then he let go. Far out over the machinery he sailed. He hit the wall with a sickening crash, which brought the engineer running downstairs.

It was some little time before Dan recovered consciousness. He looked vaguely into the face of the frightened engineer.

"What-what is the correct time?" murmured Dan.



## Sea Gulls

*Laurent Dubois '31*

A little boy, perhaps six years old, stood, his nose against one of the small old panes of glass in a window of his home, looking out over the beach to the tide mark, where, as the tide receded, the beautiful sea gulls were eating what was washed ashore and left there.

The tide was nearly low and the sandy beach of southern Cape Cod stretched out in a gentle slope to the semi-muddy clam flats just showing at the water line. The beautiful, free gulls were running about on them feeding and squabbling, as the little boy watched. In one place the gulls did not alight but kept wheeling in graceful spirals. The little one strained his eyes to peer around a bend from which always came all the gulls and around which they all would disappear. He must go and look for the vast haven of gulls which must be just around the next point. He could hear a shrill clamour from that direction, and he had concluded many times that it must be the screaming of the birds. He would go and see! Now, while Mother was away, he would go to gull Haven, as he began to call it. He slipped out the door and scampered towards the vast concourse of gulls. He ran until he was tired. At length he reached the point and the screaming became louder. Before him was a little cove with a hill at the seaward extremity; a hill covered with myriads and myriads of white gulls. It was a nesting place for the birds. The noise was deafening now, and as the child heedlessly ran towards the island over the flats, the gulls swept about him in ever increasing numbers, swooping and turning, always coming and going with food for themselves, their mates or their young.

The boy gained the shore of the hill and

beheld a sight such as he had never seen before. The sand was covered with eggs and young gulls.

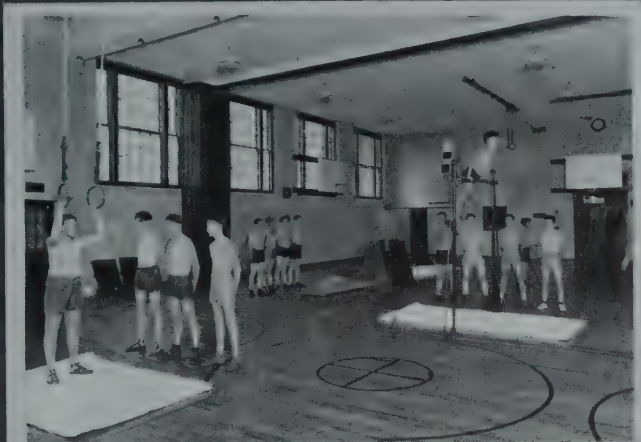
Old gulls swooped near and scolded him for trespassing on their domain. He ran hither and thither on the shore, gathering shells and stones that took his fancy. Soon he became hungry and so looked for the narrow spit of land that would lead him home. There was none!

The tide had risen and made him a prisoner on an island. He looked in vain for Father or Mother on the shore and at once became panic-stricken. It must be past dinner time now and Mother must be home and looking for him. Why had he left home without permission? He screamed, but to no avail. The gulls drowned out his every effort to make himself heard. He ran to the center of the island and, as the gulls had settled down, now that the tide had risen, he startled them anew, and they rose in a screaming mass, wheeling and turning about him, swooping down to peck at him and screeching in his ear. He beat about with his little hands and cried out, running about wildly to escape their beaks, and thus excited the birds more.

Suddenly in the midst of the confusion he heard a muffled and welcome shout. Father had come to free him from his imprisonment on the island. Seated on the back seat of the row boat, the child was seriously scolded all the way home. The father said he would never have found him but for the excitement among the gulls.

At home, Mother gathered him in her arms and kissed him. Then she, too, began to scold him. Father interrupted the scolding and reminded her that the child had had sense enough to scare up the gulls and so attract attention to his predicament.

# The Advocate





## The Advocate

### SENIOR PLAY

THE annual Senior Play was given December 13 and 14 in the Senior High Auditorium. It was the first play to be presented in the new building.

The play "Whimsy," a comedy of four acts, deals with college life. It contains much action.

The play takes its title from one of the characters who, being whimsical, is lovingly dubbed "whimsy" by his fellow-students. In order that the students may live more nearly within their means Jack Marshall, a senior and a born leader, gathers together a congenial group and bargains with Mother Londers to take them into her home. The "W. Y. W's" (work your way) meet with real opposition, for "Aily" Denning and the "moneyed interests" begin to feel their power threatened when Jack's loyal crew shows signs of winning the scholarship regatta. Then, too, Bob Bryant becomes the outstanding football man of the year and "Derby" Toler walks off with public speaking honors. The fact that Judith Denning, "Aily's" sister, thinks well of Jack does not have a soothing effect upon her low-principaled brother.

Finally in order to show Kantrell that she and her associates believe the "W. Y. W's" to be victims of unwarranted persecution, Judith gives a party to which Jack and his companions alone are invited.

The play, which was coached by Miss Florence Rice, was very attractively presented by the following cast:

Jack Marshall—*Kenneth Steadman*  
Bob Bryant—*Richard Fortune*  
Willard Martin—*John Cookson*  
Donald Owens—*Frederic Mann*  
Chauncey Abbott—*John Thorpe*  
Raymond Toler—*Winthrop Knox*  
Ornille Rhodes—*Norman Woodruff*  
Gilbert Dermott—*Harold Quinlan*  
Gene Chester—*John Wallace*  
Judith Denning—*Phyllis Gilfoil*

Dale Denning—*Wallace McLaughlin*  
Howard Peters—*Curtis Clark*  
Barbara Chatterton—*Dorothy Burton*  
Estelle Johnson—*Alice Jensen*  
Marjorie McHugh—*Jeanette Birkett*  
Helen Mitchell—*Eleanor Dearing*  
Ruth Morris—*Susan Richards*  
Betty—*Dorothea Crawley*  
Rebecca Thompson—*Ivy Warren*  
Thelma Wright—*Blanche Hamilton*  
Mrs. Allie Londers—*Ruth Hill*  
Rosalind—*Clara Voorhees*  
Miss Du Pont—*Priscilla Sawtelle*  
Sec. of Miss Du Pont—*Katherine Lewis*  
Dean Coulter—*Arthur Bucknam*

\* \* \*

Miss Warren: "Have you read ahead in your English book?"

Willgoose: "No, and I haven't even read behind yet."

\* \* \*

A Little Boy's Views on Helen of Troy

by Bert Richards Jr. '32

*Let bygones be bygones,  
That's all I got to say,  
But how I wish that Helen  
Were still alive today.  
I'd doll all up in Sunday best  
And ask her to a dance,  
And Menelaus soon would find  
He didn't have a chance.  
I'd strut around before her  
And win, without a doubt,  
Her fair white hand—and heart as well;  
I'd cut young Paris out.  
I'd fight the Greeks and Trojans, too;  
At that I would be bored,  
And then I'd grab fair Helen,  
And elope in dad's old ford.  
Oj course, I'm just a little boy,  
And Helen, she is dead,  
So I'll just have to hunt around  
For someone else instead.*



SENIOR PLAY CAST



# The Advocate

## Assemblies

Our first assembly was held on Monday morning, September 22. It was with great pleasure and interest that we gathered for the first time in our beautiful new auditorium. The preliminary exercises were led by Mr. Pollard. Following them the assembly was given over to Mr. Davis and the other members of the school committee, each of whom spoke a few words of welcome. Mr. Cole, chairman of the committee, gave a brief and enlightening talk on the importance of our school in relation to the community and to ourselves. No more appropriate exercises could have been held to impress upon us the money, labor, and care that went into the making of our beautiful building and the respect and love which we owe it.

\* \* \*

At our assembly on October 22 we had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Wayland F. Vaughan. Mr. Vaughan was sent to us by the Phi Beta Kappa Association of which he is a member. He is now a professor of philosophy at Boston University and a resident of this town. Mr. Vaughan's speech was given to commemorate the two thousandth anniversary of the birth of Virgil. After a brief outline of the life and importance of Virgil, Mr. Vaughan gave us an interesting and helpful talk on "The Value of Scholarship." He told how the public look upon scholarship with contempt. He believes the public to take this attitude because they have never checked their opinions by observation. If people would glance through "Who's Who" they would discover that the majority of prominent men in business, politics, and art have been members of Phi Beta Kappa. He also stated that scholars make use of their talents in athletics as well as in studies and proved this statement by giving

the names of many well known athletes who are members of Phi Beta Kappa. Mr. Vaughan believes that a person who exerts himself in both these directions will cultivate a fine personality, develop intellect, and at the same time taste the zest of sports. Mr. Vaughan's informing speech was made very entertaining by his humorous stories.

\* \* \*

On Monday, November 3, Miss Doris Jones entertained us with several violin selections. Miss Jones was accompanied on the piano by Miss Dorothy Crierie.

On the same program we had the pleasure of hearing again Miss Cora Stanwood Cobb of the Newton School Board. Miss Cobb's subject was "Good Citizenship."

\* \* \*

### EXCHANGE

The Advocate has decided to conduct an Exchange Department this year. We believe we will benefit by this department and we hope other schools will cooperate with us and give us suggestions.

As yet we have not received many papers, but why must we wait for other schools to find our faults? Please don't hesitate to offer your advice,—Make the Advocate bigger and better!

\* \* \*

### CHEER LEADERS

Out of the three fine cheer leaders we had last year, two graduated. However, we are very fortunate in having with us again Janet Hodgdon. We elected three new leaders to work with her. They are Colette Kenney, Elinor Sturtevant, and Jack Rideout. These leaders put a fine spirit behind our football team this last fall and we know they will continue as successfully throughout the remaining seasons.

# Va hoes

Soph—"Come here! I've got some news!"

Sen—"Now, what's on your mind? Is it just another one of your stories, or what?"

Soph—"Just now when I was in the office Mrs. Slaney was telling me what some of the teachers did this summer."

Sen—"Well, let's hear it—What was Mr. Frost up to?"

Soph—"Oh, she said he was at an Appalachian Club camp at Lake Ponkapog, but she didn't say what he was doing."

Sen—"I heard that Miss Churchill went back to Deer Island again this year."

Soph—"Yes, I guess she must like it there. After this summer, she and Miss Dodge ought to be especially good friends, for Miss Dodge spent the whole summer playing golf."

Sen—"D'you know, I think I've found out why Miss Reed is so appreciative of descriptions of forests, and flowers, and sunsets. I'm sure her summer at Lake Champlain accounts for that."

Soph—"Miss Fessenden was telling me the other day what a fine place Thomaston, Maine, is. She goes there every summer. She told me she painted a lot this summer, and I was all admiration, but I'll admit that I laughed when Miss Matheson and Miss Gates told me about one of their several trips. They were traveling through Maine and stopped to visit Miss Fessenden. There she was painting, smock and everything, but piazza chairs were the especial objects of her art. Awfully disappointing, I think."

Sen—"Mr. Small, Mr. Benton, and Mr. Pollard all went out for athletics this summer. Mr. Small managed a baseball team at Falmouth, if what I've heard is true. Mr. Benton and Mr. Pollard played tennis. The championship at the Needham Tennis Club was won by Mr. Pollard, you know."

Soph—"Yes, that's an honor for the school, isn't it? Did I tell you that we met Miss Steele when we were on our vacation? Just by chance we picked out the vacation camp where she was hostess. We were certainly surprised to see each other!"

Sen—"It's a wonder that you didn't meet Miss Durgin while you were up there. She took several auto trips this summer. Mr. Johnson told me that he spent a quiet summer at home, but at one time he took a trip to New York."

Soph—"What about Miss Dudley?"

Sen—"She spent the summer at her camp in Maine. Did you hear about Miss Gibbs? She had a wonderful vacation. She traveled in Europe, and spent five weeks studying painting in the Bavarian Alps."

Soph—"Can you guess what Miss Harrington did this summer? She farmed! Sort of hard to believe, but it's true."

Sen—"Oh that isn't half as surprising as what Miss Sawyer did. She spent the whole summer studying German. Miss Currie was at home most of the summer. Do you suppose she studied Eskimo or something equally as bad? It's one of the mysteries of my life why teachers of languages keep on learning more and more of them. I think languages are a nuisance."

Soph—"Well, so do I, but I have both Latin and French to do tonight whether I like them or not, so I'll have to get started. See you later!"

\* \* \*

Miss Harrington: "I want to commend this room on being honest. This is the first year I have been able to keep pencils and erasers, unlocked, in my desk."

Notman: "Oh, we didn't know they were there."



# Assemblée.

Francis Donahue—Boston College  
 Winifred Beal—Bradford Academy  
 Davis McIntosh—Chauncey Hall  
 Wilhelmina Hutchins—Bryant and Stratton  
 Robert Wood—Dartmouth College  
 Merle Smith—Wentworth Institute  
 Roland Ackroyd—Northeastern University  
 Everett Adams—Burdett Business College  
 Robert Arnold—William Carter Co.  
 Elizabeth Atkinson—Portia Law School  
 Mary Bacon—Post Graduate at N. H. S.  
 Winifred Bliss—Calvert's Store  
 Philip Brooks—Post Graduate at N. H. S.  
 Clifford Bryant—Northeastern University  
 Gladys Cassidy—At home  
 Arthur Chamberlain—Bricklayer, Mr. Burney's Gas Station  
 Kendrick Cole—Mass. Agricultural College  
 Helen Cotter—Bryant and Stratton Business College  
 John Coughlin—Needham Upholstering Co.  
 Barbara Cowdrey—Lasell Seminary  
 Robert Curtin—Poors Publishing Company  
 Genevieve Dalrymple—Somerville Hospital  
 Albert Davis—Northeastern University  
 Marjorie Davis—Bridgewater Normal  
 Albert Donahue—Franklin Union in Boston  
 Elizabeth Donald—Gorse's Factory  
 Catherine Doran—Witherell's Store  
 Harriet Dunn—Homeopathic Hospital  
 Elizabeth Ernst—Post Graduate at N. H. S.  
 Ethel Foster—Cambridge Financial Asso. Co.  
 Alexander French—Rimmele's Market  
 Betty Getchell—At home  
 William Gilman—Cushing Academy  
 Roberta Gray—Boston University  
 Helen Harkins—West Boston Gas Company  
 Ruth Hartshorn—Perry Kindergarten School  
 Margaret Hasenfus—Jay's  
 Olive Hasenfus—Elliott-Fisher Bookkeeping Co.  
 Evelyn Hewett—John Hancock Co.  
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 Elmer Jacobs—Northeastern University  
 Charles Johnson—Harvard University  
 Margaret Johnson—Erskine Academy  
 Josephine Kalinowski—Flower shop in Newton Center  
 Margaret Kenney—Boston University  
 Doris Kleinback—Akron City Hospital  
 Rosalie Leahy—Old Trusty Dog Food Co.  
 Pearl Lennon—Burdett Business College

Helen Lyons—Chandler Secretarial School  
 Malcolm McIntosh—Wentworth Institute  
 Phillis McIntosh—At home  
 Olga McMurdie—Bridgewater Normal  
 Arthur MacGregor—Dartmouth College  
 Virginia Markee—Vesper George School of Art  
 Gladys Morgan—Wilfred Academy  
 Lorraine Morrill—Elliott-Fisher Bookkeeping School  
 Josephine Mroczka—Old Trusty Dog Food Co.  
 Julia Mullan—Radcliffe College  
 Ella Niden—Working in Boston  
 Anna Pigaga—William Carter Company  
 Margaret Rice—Bouve-Boston School of Physical Education  
 Edna Rogers—Working in Needham  
 Elizabeth Rohn—Bradford Academy  
 Richard Salman—Northeastern University  
 Barbara Shibles—At home  
 Thomas Sparkes—Wentworth Institute  
 Lillian Trundley—John Hancock Co.  
 Vivian Wahlig—Needham Motor Garage  
 Blanche Ward—Walton's Sweater Company  
 Dane Wells—Mass. Institute of Technology  
 Anna Wesalowski—At home  
 Ralph Whelan—At home

\* \* \*

Miss Durgin: "Do automobiles help humanity?"

Fay: "No, automobiles do not help humanity. They only make fallen arches."

\* \* \*

Miss Durgin: "Why isn't Themistocles a man who helped the progress of culture?"

Coleman: "Well, you wouldn't call Patrick Henry a painter, would you?"

\* \* \*

Mr. Small: "I guess I won't have any of the 'Shepard's Pie' today. You never can tell what's going to be in these new fangled dishes and I have been stung enough all ready."



## FIELD HOCKEY

The girls' field hockey team has been extremely successful this year, having lost only one of the six games. We were able to defeat our closest rivals, Dedham, Newton, Wellesley, and Waltham. We were handicapped this year because we were forced to use the football field, as our own field is not yet ready for use. The new blue uniforms formed a striking contrast with the reds and orange of our opponents. Only three class games were played on account of a limited length of time. The captain of the varsity squad was Jeanette Birkett; and the captains of the class teams were—Seniors, Dorothy Burton; Juniors, Colette Kenney; and Sophomores, Thelma Silsby.

\* \* \*

## ON FROSH

Well, the cheerleaders will be saved the bother of doing the cheers alone for "the benefit of the freshmen." What will we do without them though? Hm—they're such fun. There's nothing we can do about it. There are no "frosh" but there are still "under-classmen."

\* \* \*

Miss Durgin: "What do you carry around in your pocket (speaking of money)?"

W. Peterson: "Nothing (putting his hand in his pocket)."

## LETTER GIRLS

1st team	2nd team
J. Birkett	D. Burton
L. Bleakney	A. Chiappisi
M. Bond	M. Coughlin
J. Burton	C. Cobb
D. Crawley	D. Crier
L. Cronin	E. Evans
J. Hodgdon	E. Ferson
C. Kenney	P. Walter
H. Marselli	I. Warren
L. Minkovitz	B. Woods
L. Murray	H. Holbrook
R. Nason	M. Strong
S. Richards	
P. Sawtelle	
T. Silsby	
E. Sturtevant	
R. Stanwood	
E. Casey	

\* \* \*

## Needham 2

## Newton 1

Our first game of the season was played at Newton, October 17. It was a close game as both teams were evenly matched. Newton made its only goal during the third quarter, and Needham tied the score in the last quarter. In the last minute of play Needham scored another goal, making the final score one to two in our favor. Marselli and Minkovitz made the goals.

The second team lost, Newton scoring its one and only point in the first play.



## The Advocate

Brookline 3

Needham 2

The game at Brookline on October 22 was another close game. Needham and Brookline alternated in scoring, but Brookline managed to get just one more goal than we did. Marselli and Bond scored for Needham.

The second team also played a hard-fought game and succeeded in tying the score, one to one, Richards making our point.

Needham 1

\* \* \*

Wellesley 0

On November 7 our girls journeyed to Wellesley where they played an exciting game. Although Needham was outplayed, we were able to hold them throughout the game. Helena Marselli saved the day for us by forcing the ball across Wellesley's goal line during the last part of the game.

The second team won for the first time this season by a score of three to one. Bleakney and Carey scored for Needham.

Needham 1

\* \* \*

Alumnae 1

On November 11 our hockey team played against the Alumnae its hardest game thus far. Although most of the Alumnae team are students at Physical Training schools, we were able to outplay them. The Alumnae scored the first goal during the first half and in the second half we scored ours. The High School girls shot another goal, but through a misunderstanding the goal was not called. Helena Marselli scored for us and Ruth Burgess scored for the Alumnae.

There was no second team game because of an insufficient number of Alumnae players.

\* \* \*

Needham 1

Dedham 0

Our hockey team was again victorious when we played against Dedham on our own field on November 14. Although neither team played exceptionally well, Needham was able to put in many substitutes. There was no score in the first half, but in the second half Helena Marselli scored for Needham.

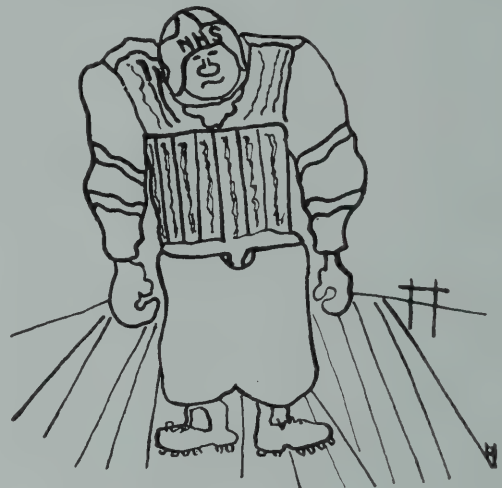
The second team failed to score at all.

Needham 2

Waltham 0

Once again our hockey team was victorious when we played against Waltham on November 21. Needham decidedly outplayed the Waltham girls and showed fine playing throughout the game. At no time did the Waltham team threaten to score. Marselli and Bleakney scored for Needham.

The second team game proved to be another victory for us with the score of 2-0. Bleakney and Richards made our two points.



If Santa had only sent this Christmas present a little earlier!

CAN YOU IMAGINE——?

Gum slots in N. H. S.  
Talking movies in N. H. S.  
Jeanette Ramsay with long curls.  
A Rolls Royce instead of "13".  
Who Bill Jones is.  
Doris Jones flunking French.  
Clara Voorhees with a boyish bob.  
What the latest N. H. S. scandal is.  
Eugene Walker a minister.  
Waitresses in the lunch room.  
Elevators at N. H. S.  
Miss Fessenden chewing gum.  
Anyone but the girls running N. H. S.  
Why people from Ohio come to N. H. S.  
What the new students are like.

GIRLS HOCKEY TEAM





## The Advocate

Walpole 13

Needham 6

Our first game of the season was played at Walpole on September 27. In the first quarter Needham was all pep, getting first downs and tackling Walpole for a loss. Needham plunged right down the field, and a short flat pass from Stewart to Gilpatrick gave us first score. In the second quarter both teams seemed evenly matched, but in the second half Walpole plunged through our line for two touchdowns, dropkicking one goal.

Abington 7

Needham 0

On October 4 our team went to Abington. During the first quarter and part of the second, it was anybody's game, but at the end of the second quarter the passes of our opponents worked too well, until finally in the third quarter they ran the ball over for a touchdown and drop-kicked the goal. In the last quarter Needham seemed to rally and was on Abington's one yard line and just about to go over for a touchdown when the whistle blew and the game was over.

Natick 20

Needham 7

On October 8 our team journeyed to Natick. In the first half both sides were quite evenly matched and no score was made, but in the third quarter Natick put in the rest of its first team backfield and scored two touchdowns. In the first part of the fourth quarter Natick added to its score by another goal. In the last few minutes of play our team worked several short passes successfully and then we scored on a perfect pass. The ball changed hands several times to give the ends time to run out, then went to Stewart. He threw a forty yard pass to Quinlan, who caught it almost on Natick's goal line and ran across for a touchdown.

Dedham 14

Needham 0

The first home game was played with Dedham on Monday, October 13. In the first quarter Needham took four consecutive first

downs and was on Dedham's five yard line but could not get a touchdown. In the second quarter Needham seemed a little superior to Dedham but could not get a touchdown. Dedham took the ball over for the first score and drop-kicked the goal in the third quarter. In the fourth quarter Needham was penalized when close to its own goal and Dedham ran over for another touchdown, making the goal kick good. Needham then worked several passes but to no avail as the game soon ended.

\* \* \*

Needham 19

Concord 0

The second home game and the first that Needham has won since the Franklin game last year took place on Memorial Field on October 18. In the beginning of the game it looked as though Needham was due for another beating, but a long pass from Moore to Richards caught and run over for a touchdown changed the general opinion. That score gave Needham the encouragement it needed and Eagan went over for another touchdown. A short flat pass to Fortune instead of a dropkick netted Needham one point. Concord was completely demoralized, and in the last period Richards plowed through the line for another touchdown.

\* \* \*

Needham 19

Braintree 0

Our second victory of the year came on November 1 when we defeated Braintree. In the second quarter Eagan plowed through for a touchdown, and by Richard's rushing instead of using a dropkick the score was increased by one point. In the third quarter a reverse play was successfully used when Moore carried the ball and ran across for our second touchdown. In the last quarter Stewart completed several long passes from Moore, which put us in a good position to score. Sand made a pretty run for another touchdown. In this game we showed none of the power displayed in the Concord game, but otherwise it was satisfactory.



FOOTBALL TEAM



# The Advocate

North Attleboro 7

Needham 6

On November 15 we fought a close battle with North Attleboro. In the first quarter both teams gained some yardage, but did not get far. In the second quarter Eagan made a nice run of about twenty yards for a touchdown. The dropkick hit the cross bar and did not go over. Attleboro recovered one of their punts on the fumble and by some heavy line plunging went across for a touchdown. They rushed instead of kicking and gained one point. In the second half although once or twice some spectacular plays were made by Eagan and Sands that looked good for a touchdown, no further score was made. It was a great game, both teams playing football of more than ordinary note.

\* \* \*

Norwood 6

Needham 0

On November 22 we played Norwood at Norwood. In the early part of the game it looked as though Needham had a good chance to win but a recovered punt by Norwood put them on our ten yard line and in the second quarter they plunged heavily through the line for a touchdown. Several long passes were successfully executed by Needham but to no avail. Twice we were in a position to score but we were unable to. It was a very good game and the team should be congratulated for the fight that they showed.

\* \* \*

Wellesley 6

Needham 0

On Thanksgiving morning our team was defeated by Wellesley before a large audience on Memorial Field. For three periods both teams fought hard but no score was made, although Needham had chances for touchdowns but could not score. In the last quarter McNamara of Wellesley eluded our secondary and ran thirty-five yards for a touchdown. In all ways Needham was superior to Wellesley, gaining more yardage on rushes, passes, and punts.

## SPORT EDITORIAL

*Frederic Mann, '31*

Our Needham High team has just ended its football season, having won two games and lost seven. Our team was better this year than last, but, though in every game there were signs of great improvement, we were unable to defeat our old rival, Wellesley.

All the players on the team should be praised for their faithful training and fine playing throughout the football season. Much of the strength of the team lay in the line, where Maloney was the outstanding figure, tearing holes in the opposing line and tightly holding his own line. Also in the line and to be highly commended were Captain Quinlan, Cookson, Fortune, Gilpatrick, Starkweather, Blackman, Ryan, Low, Hasenfus, Shine, and Rossi. In the backfield Moore's punting, Eagan's and Richard's plunging, Stewart's passing, and Sand's, McCulloch's and Rossi's playing were very commendable.

Our team had a large yardage gaining ability this year due to deceptive plays which were introduced by Coach Weston and Coach Claxton, and credit should be given to them. Credit should also be given to our principal, Mr. Pollard, who stimulated the fine spirit exhibited at all the games.



## The Advocate



### ENGLISH IV C

The lines from Hamlet, Act IV, scene 2:

"The King shall drink to Hamlet's better breath;

And in the cup an onion (fine pearl) shall he throw."

Read, inadvertently, by Norman Woodruff:

"The king shall drink to Hamlet's better breath;

And in the cup an onion shall he throw."

\* \* \*

Old Home Week—Needham, Mass.

(News item from The Advocate twenty years from today)

#### Recent Arrivals:

Rev. Jay Tracy—Bishop of Davenport.

Charles Knight—of the Night Taxi Service.

Miss Phyllis Gilfoil—who has taken a short vacation from her stock company.

Miss Warren—now elected to the Hall of Fame because she was the first woman to make Ivy climb.

Arthur Bucknam—of Scotland Yard.

Richard Fortune—Present ping-pong-champion.

Miss Florence Coleman—Head of the Ice-man's Union.

Archie Willgoose—on a vacation from his concert tour with the Butt-in-ski Opera Company.

Miss Phyllis Brown—head of the Brown Maid Hosiery Co.

James Notman—who recently completed a transcontinental tour by bicycle.

Edmund Remsen—Noted professor on how to play bridge in ten lessons.

Miss Adelaide Poland—star player of the women's 1950 Olympic Polo Team.

Miss Harrington (1st period, after speech of November 3): "All right, people, I have heard too much talking this morning!"

\* \* \*

Miss Durgin: "There's no school next Tuesday."

Farnham: "Why not?"

Miss D.: "It's funny that you people don't keep better track of your holidays than you do."

Farnham (after a bit of thought): "Oh, ya, it's my birthday."



*The fellow who always put paper, gum, broken pencils and rulers in the desks at the "old school", tries it at the new.*



## The Advocate



### AS THE LAST BELL RINGS

"Say It with Songs"

Why?—must we go to school?  
Seventh Heaven—the tower.  
Chant of the Jungle—Boy's Glee Club.  
Mistakes—and how we make them.  
How Am I to know—whether I'm right? or  
wrong?  
That Wonderful Something—A.  
Congratulations—to the Graduate.  
You're Always in My Arms—books.  
Soon—Christmas Vacation.  
Nobody's Fault but Your Own—D.  
Steppin' Along—in the corridors.  
T'aint No Sin—to get a D.  
I May Be Wrong—Test.  
You Can't Go to Heaven That Way—"gypping"  
Hard To Get—A.  
Sometimes I'm Happy—lunch period, vaca-  
tion.  
I Can't Remember the Words—translation.  
Wouldn't It Be Wonderful?—to get by.  
Can't We Be Friends?—when marks come out.  
Singin' In the Rain—in the showers.  
I'll Get By—maybe.  
All Through the night—studying.  
Give Yourself A Pat On The Back—when you  
get a B.

### Famous Sayings of Famous People

Mr. Frost—One touch of the slipper makes a dull boy smart.

Miss Durgin—The curse of wealth is its scarcity.

Mr. Pollard—There may be splinters in the ladder of success, but you don't notice them unless you are sliding down.

Miss Gates—The common gray rabbit can jump about nine feet clear on level ground—quite an olympian.

Miss Churchill—A young intellectual is one who is always talking about new ideas but never has any.

Miss Steele—Two wrongs often make a riot.

Mr. Benton—So far no man has invented an intelligence test to equal matrimony.

\* \* \*

Miss Eames: "Ruthie, is your mother at home?"

Miss Stanwood: "No, she's out with a bunch of prize fighters."

Miss Eames: "Prize fighters?"

Miss Stanwood: "Yes, she went to a bridge party."



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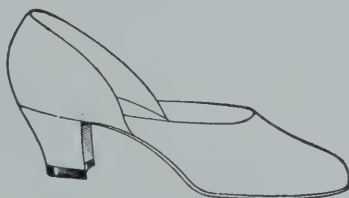
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